

You know Warhol gotta boof  
Boy, you just how it do  
I got red wings on my boots  
All my bitches come in twos  
All my bitches come in twos  
Boy, you know just how we do  
Boy, you know this how we do  
All my bitches come in twos

I know all you niggas knew  
Young nigga got it straight up out the snow  
Fuck niggas out here, never trust a soul  
I don't these niggas, nigga I'll just flex alone  
Jupi told me niggas phony go and watch the phone  
Money standing tall like Shaq, though  
I just piped his bitch, and lil' shorty out the back door  
Brand new bad bitch, pipe her  
What you reaching for my pack for?  
No, I ain't no pack worker, but you know I pack dope  
Ain't no questions, ain't no questions, I love flexing, bitch  
I just pulled up with that pack, I need that Texas Pour-Up, bitch  
I just slow up with the Henny, copped the 4 and not the fifth  
That lil' bitch, she peepin', yeah she see my necklace and my wrist

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Boof, boof, boof pack, boof  
Yeah I gotta boof  
Yeah I'm puffin' boof  
Boof pack, boof  
I be smokin' boof  
I be smokin' boof  
Jet pack boof  
Snitch pack boof  
Piss pack boof  
Yeah, I'm on that boof  
Still smokin' boof  
Yeah, I'm smokin' boof  
Yeah I gotta boof  
Warhol gotta boof  
Know I gotta boof